Giue me my ſin againe.
*Iuli.* You kiſſe bith booke?
*Nur.* Madam your mother craues a word with you?
*Rom.* What is her mother?
*Nurſ.* Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Ladie, and a wiſe and vertuous,
I Nurſt her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
*Rom.* Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
*Ben.* Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
*Rom.* I ſo I feare, the more is my vnreſt.
*Capu.* Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it ene ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt gentlemen, good night:
More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah ſirrah, by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
*Iuli.* Come hither Nurſe, what is yond gentleman?
*Nurſ.* The ſonne and heire of old *Tyberio*.
*Iuli.* VVhats he that now is going out of doore?
*Nur.* Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio*.
*Iuli.* VVhats he that follows here that would not dance?
*Nurſ.* I know not.
*Iuli.* Go aske his name, if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedding bed.
*Nurſ.* His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely ſonne of your great enemie.
*Iul.* My onely loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of loue it is to mee,
That I muſt loue a loathed enemie.
*Nurſ.* VVhats tis? whats tis?





*Iu.* A rime I learnt euen no
Of one I danſt withall.
*One cals withi*
*Nurſe.* Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the ſtrangers
*Chora*
Now old deſire doth in his de
And yong affection gapes to b
That faire for which loue gron
VVith tender *Iuliet* matcht, is r
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and lo
A like bewitched by the charr
But to his foe ſuppoſde he muſ
And ſhe ſteale loues ſweet bai
Being held a foe, he may not ha
To breath ſuch vowes as loue
And ſhe as much in loue, her r
To meete her new beloued any
But paſsion lends them power
Tempring extremities with ex
*Enter* Romeo
*Rom.* Can I goe forward w
Turne backe dull earth and fin
*Enter* Benuolio, *with* Me
*Ben.* *Romeo*, my Cozen *Rome*
*Mer.* He is wiſe, & on my lif
*Ben.* He ran this way and le
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay Ile coniure too.
*Mer.* *Romeo*, humours, mad
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe
Speake but one rime and I am
Cry but ay me, prouaunt, but l
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* on
One nickname for her purbli

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.